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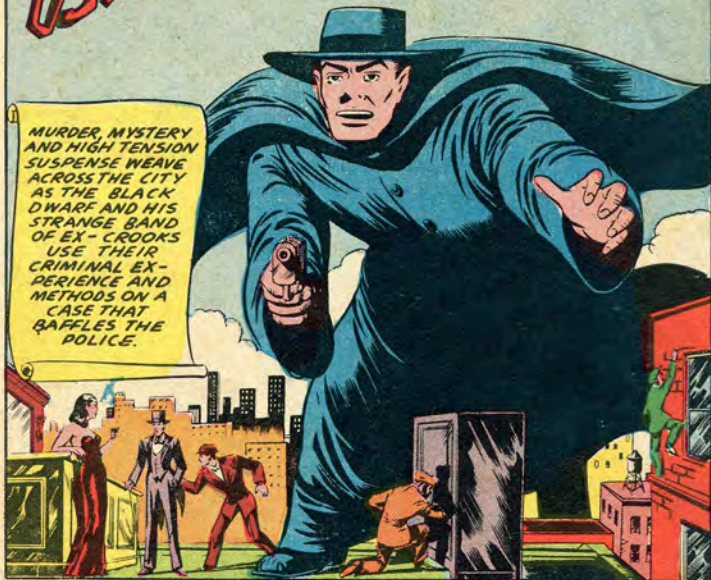
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# THE *Black* DWARF

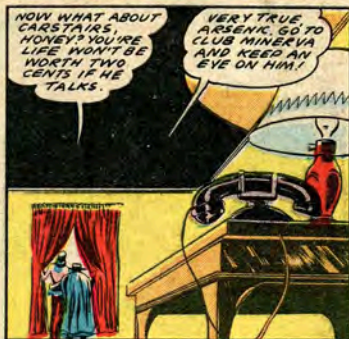


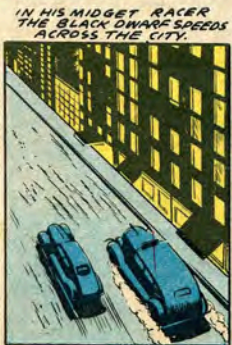


















HERE'S HOW I  
TAKE MY VICTIMS  
FOR A RIDE!



YOU COULD HAVE  
WON THE HEART OF  
A PERSIAN PRINCESS  
WITH THIS  
PRICELESS  
TREASURE,  
ABDUL.

ANDRE KILLED  
THE GUARD, STOLE  
IT, AND TRIED  
TO SELL IT TO ME.  
I COMMITTED  
NO CRIME.



I'LL KEEP 'EM COVERED.  
BEAT IT, BOSS. THE  
COPS ARE COMIN'.  
YOU CAN GIVE 'EM  
THE EVIDENCE BY  
PHONE.



A BURGLAR - FLOATING  
OUTSIDE  
THE WINDOW!  
HUH? NO  
DICE, ABDUL.  
CATCHING  
YOU WITH  
ANDRE BLANK  
PROVES OUR  
SUSPICION!



THIS GOES BACK  
TO THE  
MUSEUM.  
I SAW THE  
COPS NAB HIS  
PAL GRATTO  
WHO WAS  
PACKIN' A  
PISTOL.

THE HUMAN FLY RETURNS!

AT THE BLACK DWARF'S HIDEOUT



BOSS... I TRIED TO  
TELL YOU CARSTAIRS'  
BODY WAS IN  
GRATTO'S SAFE!

I GET IT, NITRO.  
HE FIGURED  
CARSTAIRS KNEW  
TOO MUCH ABOUT  
HIS CROOKED  
DEALS!



WELL GANG, WE'VE  
WON ANOTHER ROUND  
IN OUR WAR AGAINST  
CRIME. EVERYBODY  
SATISFIED?

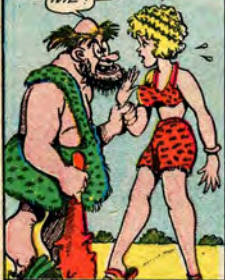
YEAH, BOSS  
YOU BET!



# PREHISTORIC PETE



AH, GOOD EVENING, MISS EVA. HOW ABOUT THE DATE YOU PROMISED ME? NOT TONIGHT, BROOMJAW!



COME BACK! NO GAL GIVES BROOMJAW THE BRUSH OFF! BUT YOUR BRAND OF COURTING LEAVES ME BLACK AND BLUE!

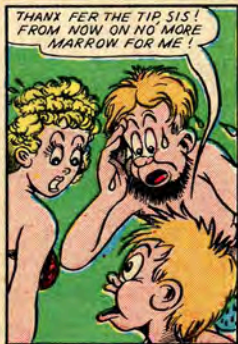
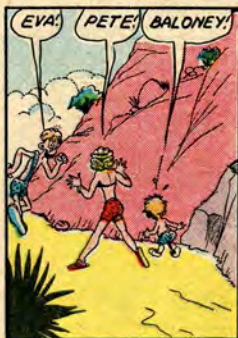
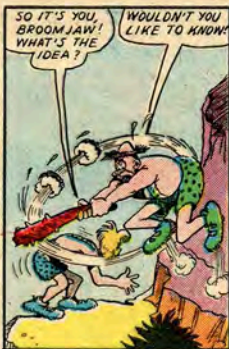
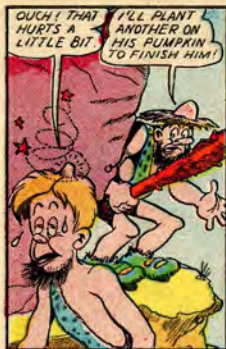


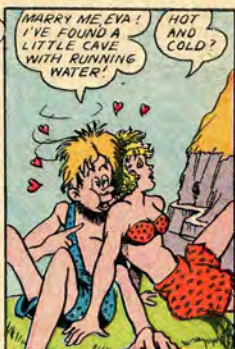
MAMA! THE LOVEBUG HAS BITTEN, BROOMJAW! WHAT'LL I DO? WHY DON'T YOU MARRY UP WIT' HIM, EVA?













# PLENTY OF NOISE For a PENNY

Bang! Bang! Bang! The machine guns in the penny arcade roared away into the stormy night. Mike Sloan, the owner, scratched his head and grinned. "Sure is a lot of noise a fellow can get for a penny," he said to Joe Hands, the town constable.

Joe, the constable of the small summer resort on the coast of Maine, looked at the amusement area owner and said, "But it sure gives the boys good practice."

A roaring boom crashed over the town as flashes of lightning momentarily brought daylight upon them. The ground rumbled and shook under the bursts of thunder coming from the skies.

"Brr," Joe grumbled, as he began to button up his raincoat. "I'd better walk down to the beach and make sure the waves haven't washed the pier away."

The rain splattered against Joe's coat as he walked into the storm. The firing of the machine guns in the Arcade soon were swallowed up by the bellowing of savage winds and the crashing of waves on the beach.

Joe cautiously walked out on the hazardous floating pier which was tied down by steel cables to the beach. The pier beneath him rose and fell under the monstrous waves as it strained against its moorings.

Suddenly, a huge wave crashed on the beach. Simultaneously a bolt of thunder rumbled through the sky. Then, as if by some

mystic magic, a huge eggshell of steel came sweeping up on the beach.

Joe gulped, as he gazed at the giant steel shell. Before his eyes, the water bubbles and seawash drained off the side of the shell revealing a flaming swastika on it.

"Gad!" he gasped. "A Nazi sub!"

The hatchway of the sub opened and one by one the crew swarmed out onto the beach. Joe heard a Nazi sailor cry out, "We are saved. The miracles of our Fuehrer are with us."

The commander of the Nazis yelled in a hoarse voice, "Quick, we must capture the town and cut off all communications. Then we will be able to repair and refuel the ship."

Joe raced off the pier and onto the sandy beach. "I got to warn the villagers!" he gasped, as he ran.

A bolt of lightning crashed, revealing him clearly, as he raced for the village.

"Someone's running over there!" a hoarse German voice cried out. "Shoot him down!"

Instantly, several rifle shots were heard. Joe tensed. He could almost feel the whining lead pellets whizzing past his ears.

A gasping and panting Joe reached the arcade. "NAZIS ARE COMING! Quick, get me some wire and shut off the lights," he blurted out, between gasps.

Several minutes later, the Nazi

sailors cautiously entered the town, now in a complete blackout. "Careful," said the commander, "They know we are here."

Suddenly, several pistol shots rang out into the night. From the darkened houses, occupied by the villagers, came flashes of light as bullets whizzed through the dark streets. The villagers fired with deadly accuracy. The Nazi commander winced as a shot pierced his shoulder. Two other Nazis fell to the ground, victims of sharp eyes. Before the invaders could return any of the fire, the roaring staccato of a machine gun joined the carnage. From the barrel, a stream of light illuminated the town square, where the Nazis were huddled together like trapped animals.

"Ach! We are ambushed," the wounded commander shouted out. "We surrender!"

One by one the men dropped their guns and followed the action of their commander.

Out of hiding came the villagers. Quickly, they picked up the guns of the captives. Joe Hands looked about and saw the Nazis were well covered by their own guns. He turned to the amusement owner and said, "Mike, you can take your electric guns back to the arcade with you. The war is over."

"Sure," grinned Mike, "It certainly was plenty of noise for a penny's worth of electricity."

THE END

# "GLOBE" TROTTER



A HUNTING PARTY PLODS ITS WAY  
WEARILY THROUGH THE AFRICAN  
JUNGLES.







FRIENDLY FIGURES APPROACH  
THE CAREW PLANTATION.....



YOU SEEM TO HAVE  
QUITE A LARGE  
COLLECTION OF  
IVORY, MR. CAREW!



AS NIGHT FALLS, CORSINO  
PREPARES HIS NATIVES...



MEN OF THE WIWARIS...  
CORSINO'S OUR FRIEND...  
HE GIVES US MUCH FOOD  
AND DRINK... WE  
BRING HIM IVORY!



THE DRUNKEN NATIVES  
AGREE MYSTERICALLY.



SUDDENLY, A CRY OF HIDEOUS  
LAUGHTER RE-ECHOS THROUGH-  
OUT THE JUNGLE!









THERE SHE IS.... SOUND ASLEEP!



HELP! UMMM....!

I BETTER WORK FAST!



WHEN CAREW SEES THIS NOTE, HE'LL COME ACROSS PLENTY QUICK!



GET IN THERE.... AND KEEP QUIET!



THE NEXT MORNING....



HEY, TROTTER.... CORSINO HAS KIDNAPPED MARY....

UP TO HIS OLD TRICKS.



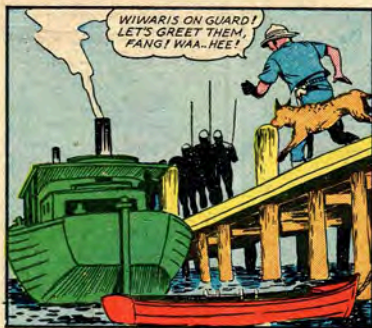
AND HE'LL KILL MARY UNLESS I GIVE UP MY IVORY HOARD!

STEADY, CAREW! I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!



"KILLER" CORSINO HAS BEEN DODGING GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS FOR YEARS! WE'VE GOT TO PUT HIM AWAY FOR GOOD, FANG!

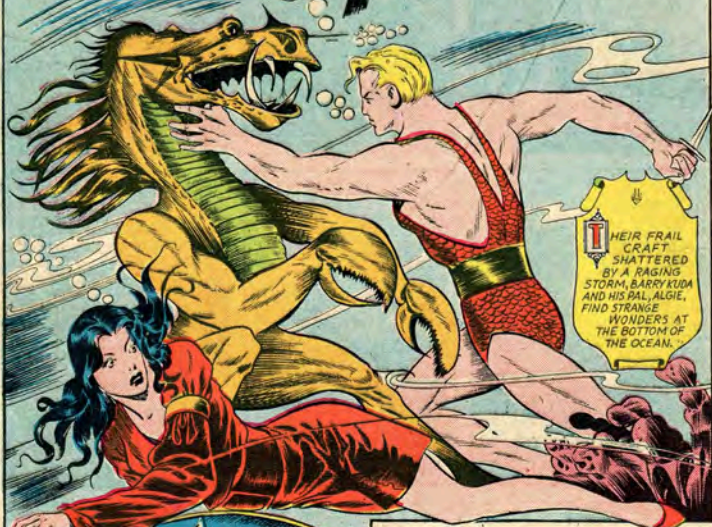








# Barry Kuda



THEIR FRAIL CRAFT SHATTERED BY A RAGING STORM, BARRY KUDA AND HIS PAL, ALGIE, FIND STRANGE WONDERS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.

WOULDN'T IT BE SWELL IF WE COULD LAND ON SOME UNCHARTED ISLAND... AND RESCUE A FAIR PRINCESS, ALGIE?

BARRY, I THINK YOU'RE NUTS... BUT IF SHE'S GOT A FRIEND IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME!



BARRY AND ALGIE DRIFT LAZILY ALONG THE VAST PACIFIC.







IN A FLASH, THE TWO ADVENTURERS SPRING TO ACTION...



...THEIR SMASHING ATTACK DRIVES THE ODD MEN OFF.







FEARLESSLY, BARRY CHARGES THE BEAST.

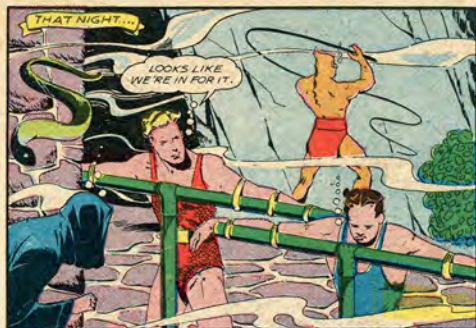


USING ALL THE RESERVE STRENGTH OF HIS BODY, BARRY CRUSHES THE MONSTER.

FINISHING THE BEAST, BARRY STARTS FOR BELZAN.

THAT TAKES CARE OF YOUR PET, BELZAN...









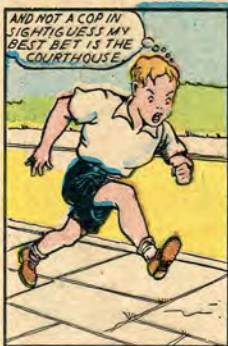
# The VEILED AVENGER



JUSTICE IS OFTEN DEFEATED BY THE CUNNING CONSPIRACIES OF CLEVER CROOKS. BECAUSE OF THIS, GINNY SPEARS LEADS A DOUBLE LIFE. BY DAY SHE'S THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S SECRETARY. BY NIGHT THE VEILED AVENGER, EXOTIC ENEMY OF EVIL.

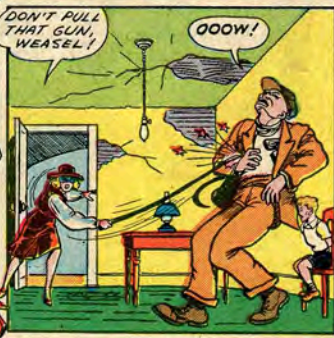














THAT'S RIGHT, WISH I COULD MISS, CUT ME TELL SKIPPER LOOSE 'CAUSE WHO I AM! I'VE GOT SOME TERRIFIC EVIDENCE FOR GINNY SPEARS AT THE D.A.'S OFFICE!



I'LL CALL A COP, GUARD 'EM CAREFULLY!

YOU BET! I'VE GOT MY HANDS FULL WITH THESE HOMBRES!



IT'S NOW OR NEVER, GUS. GET GOIN'!

NOT SO FAST, FERRET FACE!



THAT'LL HOLD YOU WHILE I PUT THE HOOKS TO YOUR ACROBATIC PARTNER!

WHY YOU! OOOFF!



GORHAM SWUNG UP THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT. I CAN'T LET HIM ESCAPE!



THE KISS OF DEATH FOR YOU, BABE!

DON'T GET ROMANTIC, RAT. YOU'RE HEADING FOR THE MOOSE-GOW!



OOOW! YOU SHE DEVIL!

DROP THAT ROSCOE, BIG BOY, OR I'LL SLASH MY CROP ACROSS YOUR KISSER!





PLUG HIM, WEASEL! DON'T LET THAT KID GET AWAY!

WEASEL! SHOOTING AT SKIPPER!



WEASEL WON'T BE SHOOTING WITH THAT HAND FOR A LONG TIME IF EVER!

JEEPERS AN' HERE COME THE COPS! WERE SUNK!



HANG ONTO WEASEL, MAC. I'LL GO UP FOR GORMAN!

MY HAND, MY HAND! OOOOW!



WHILE SKIPPER'S GABBING WITH THE COPS, I'LL DUCK BACK TO THE OFFICE AND CHANGE MY DUDS!



THE VEILED AVENGER! WHICH WAY DID SHE GO?

YOU'D NEED WINGS ON YOUR FEET TO CATCH THAT GAL!



SKIPPER! YOUR MOTHER PHONED TWO HOURS AGO I WAS TERRIBLY WORRIED!

W-WAIT TILL YOU HEAR WHAT HAPPENED, SINNY!



AND THOSE TWO HOODS WERE WITH JAKE WHEN HE KILLED POP LAPHAM. THE D.A.'S GOT A FOOLPROOF CASE NOW!

OH, SKIPPER! THAT'S WONDERFUL!

# ODDITIES



**DEER** - CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF A DEER'S BEST WEAPON IS NOT ITS HORNS. WHEN IT IS ATTACKED THE DEER WILL BACK UP TO A TREE AND AS WILD DOGS OR WOLVES CLOSE IN HE WILL STRIKE OUT WITH HIS SHARP FOREFEET. OFTEN KILLING AN ENEMY WITH EACH BLOW!



**QUAIL**

THE QUAIL LEARNS MANY LESSONS OF DEFENSE FROM HIS MOTHER. LITTLE ONES ARE TAUGHT THE USE OF NATURAL CAMOUFLAGE AND TO NESTLE IN A CIRCLE SO THEY CAN SPOT DANGER QUICKLY.



**SKUNK**

TO WARD OFF ATTACK THE WOOD PUSSY HURLS A FEW DROPLETS OF CHOKING SCENT. SKUNKS CAN BE TAMED AND LEARN TO TAKE FOOD FROM THE HANDS OF PEOPLE WHO ARE BOLD ENOUGH TO MAKE THEIR ACQUAINTANCE.



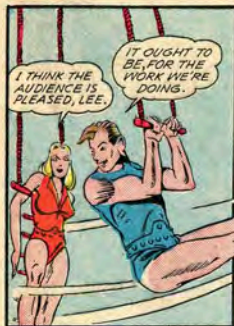
**PORCUPINE**

OLD PORKY THE HEDGEHOG BRISTLES WITH LONG SHARP NEEDLES. WHEN CORNERED HE JUMPS UP AND DOWN SWINGING HIS TAIL AND SHOWERING HIS ENEMIES WITH STINGING SPINES.



# CARNIVAL





I THINK THE AUDIENCE IS PLEASED, LEE.

IT OUGHT TO BE, FOR THE WORK WE'RE DOING.



THAT TRAPEZE ACT WILL PUT THIS CARNIVAL ON THE MAP. MY DAUGHTER, CLARA, AND LEE ROYER... WHAT A TEAM!

YOU CERTAINLY PAY THEM ENOUGH, MR. BELL.

BELOW, CLARA'S FATHER AND HIS CASHIER, NEELEY, OBSERVE THE PROGRESS OF THE SHOW.



MEANWHILE, HARLEY, THE CLOWN, GOES THROUGH HIS ACT.

C'MON YOU BIG APE, SHOW YOUR TEETH... THE PEOPLE WANT THEIR MONEY'S WORTH!



CAN'T TAKE IT, HUH? HA, HA, HA!

GRRR-AAAAH!



THE AUDIENCE DELIGHTS AT THE SIGHT OF THE ANGRY BEAST.

LOOK AT THE GORILLA!

HE SURE IS MAD! BOY, THIS IS FUN!

WOW! SOME SHOW!



STOP TEASING THAT GORILLA, HARLEY. I DON'T LIKE IT. YOU'VE GOT TO. IF IT HAPPENS ONCE AGAIN YOU'RE THROUGH HERE.

I DO IT TO PLEASE THE CROWD. NO HARM IN GIVING PEOPLE A LITTLE EXCITEMENT.

LATER, WHEN THE AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE IS OVER...



I THINK MR BELL'S RIGHT, HARLEY. THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF TALK. THEY SAY IF THE GORILLA EVER GETS LOOSE -

LISTEN, LEE. NO ONE'S GOING TO TELL ME HOW TO DO MY ACT. AND IF MR. BELL THINKS HE CAN MAKE ME, I CAN TAKE CARE OF THAT TOO!



THAT NIGHT, A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE APPEARS OUTSIDE THE CARNIVAL OWNER'S HOME.

SOON THERE WILL BE NO MR. BELL TO OWN THE CARNIVAL!



UNSUSPECTINGLY, CLARA AND LEE CHAT IN THE LIVING-ROOM.

DADDY WAS TERRIBLY WORRIED TO-NIGHT, LEE. IT MUST HAVE BEEN ABOUT HARLEY. I HAVE A FEELING SOMETHING MAY HAPPEN.

STEADY CLARA, I'LL BE HERE TO SEE EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT.

IT CAME FROM YOUR FATHER'S ROOM!

HEEEELP

WHAT'S THAT?

SUDDENLY, AN AGONIZING WAIL RINGS THROUGH THE HOUSE.

NOW WITH ONE MORE OUT OF THE WAY, I'LL BE... WHAT'S THAT?

LOOK! LEE, HE'S...

INSTANTANLY, THE TRAPEZE ARTIST LEAPS AT THE ATTACKER.

NOT SO FAST, FANCY PANTS!

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, LEE ROVER! OOOOF!

STUBBORN, EH?

I ONCE TOOK LESSONS IN JIU-JITSU.

WHAT TH...

TRIPPED ME UP NICE, THE LUG. CLARA... WHERE ARE...

LEE! LEE! HE'S...OOOH!



MEANWHILE  
THE MYSTERIOUS  
FIGURE STALKS  
THROUGH THE  
NIGHT.





NEELEY THE CASHIER, CONSOLES CLARA BEFORE THE START OF HER ACT.

I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR FATHER, CLARA. I KNEW HIM FOR TWENTY YEARS.

YES, YOU WERE HIS CLOSEST FRIEND, NEELEY. DADDY ALWAYS SAID THAT IF SOMETHING HAPPENED TO HIM, YOU SHOULD GET A SHARE OF THE SHOW.

...AND IF I SHOULD EVER QUIT... OR SOMETHING HAPPEN... YOU WILL BECOME THE SOLE OWNER.

THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOUR FATHER, CLARA. HE WAS A FINE MAN, AND I RESPECT HIS THOUGHTFULNESS.

LOOK AT THE ANIMALS!

MA-BUY ME SOME PEANUTS!

YIPPEE... THE CLOWN AND GORILLA ACT ARE NEXT.

INSIDE, THE CROWD REEKS WITH MERRIMENT, UNAWARE OF LURKING DANGER.

THE TRAPEZE ACT THRILLS THE CROWD WITH ITS PERFECT TIMING.

I'M NERVOUS, LEE.

YOU MUST FORGET, CLARA.

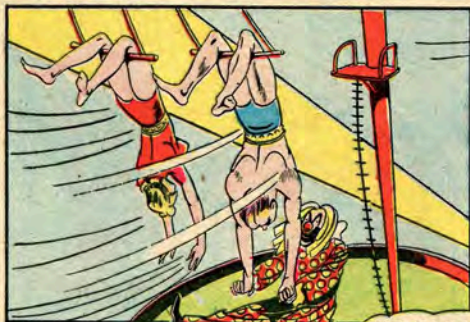
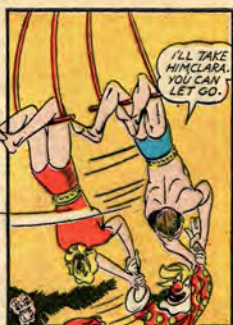
I'LL KEEP MY EYES PEELED FOR ANYTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

SUDDENLY ALL EYES ARE TURNED TO THE CLOWN'S ACT.

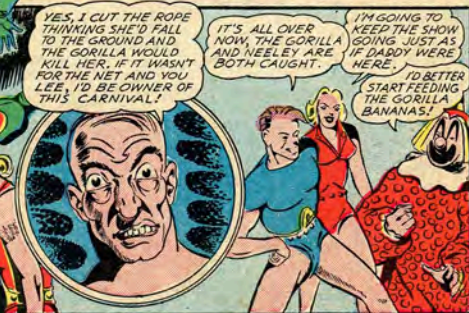
THE CLOWN! WATCH THE CLOWN!

WHAT TH... THAT APE LOOKS FEROCIOUS! MAYBE I'D BETTER NOT FOOL AROUND?

HARLEY STOPS SHORT AT SIGHT OF THE ANGERED BEAST.







# THE CLUE

As Frank Cooper of the Secret Service entered the circus grounds, he could see the lights from the Putnam Aircraft plant nearby.

"Glad I'm not on duty there tonight," he thought. "I wouldn't miss this circus for the world!"

After the main performance, Frank went to the sideshow. He watched the sword-swallower, and the fire-eater. But what amazed him most was the midget. A tiny man less than three feet high! His suit and shoes were very tiny. Frank could not help looking a long while at this small intriguing figure.

Finally, Frank left the sideshow and started home, passing close to the plane factory. Suddenly, as he approached nearer to the great plant, he heard the sound of excited voices. Secret Service men were standing about, and in their midst stood Captain Harvey.

Frank rushed up to his chief. "What is it? What's happened?"

Captain Harvey turned around. "Frank! It's terrible! The plans for the new secret bomber, they've been stolen! They were left in the composing room with Hansen to watch them. He left the room for a few minutes, locking the door. But when he got back, the plans were gone! Gone! And the door was locked! I can't understand it!"

"What about a window?" Frank asked.

"There is no window in the room!" the Captain exclaimed.

The two men went into the composing room, and Frank began to search for clues.

"It's no use!" Harvey insisted. "I haven't been able to find a single clue."

But Frank was not listening. He was looking at an object which he had picked up from the floor. He put it quickly into his pocket, and looked about the room carefully. Then he turned to the Captain.

"Chief, I'm going back to the circus grounds. They've got a swell sideshow there, and I want to see it again!"

Harvey stared at young Cooper. "Well, I suppose you can do as you please on your night off, Frank. But I don't see what you can like about a circus sideshow!"

Frank grinned and left. Again, in the sideshow, Frank stopped in front of the tiny man.

Suddenly, he reached out and lifted the startled midget from his platform.

"You're coming with me!" Cooper said, showing his badge.

At the aircraft factory, Frank carried the midget into the room where the plans had disappeared. The Captain was there.

"Frank! What's this all about? You don't think this tiny fellow stole those plans, do you?"

The midget laughed. "That's the funniest thing I ever heard! What do I want any plans for?"

Frank pulled the small coat off the tiny man, ripped the lining, and removed the missing plans for the secret bomber!

Here's the whole story, Chief," Frank explained. "The midget realized the value to foreign powers of our government's plane secrets, so he planned to get into the plant without detection and steal any plans that were lying about! Since this composing room has no windows, there is a large ventilator system here. It was an easy matter for the tiny man to move through the system! He watched Hansen leave the room; then he opened the grate and stepped in, stole the plans, and got out the same way he got in!"

Captain Harvey scratched his head. "But tell me, Frank, what made you connect the theft with the midget in first place?"

Frank removed a tiny button from his pocket. "I found this button on the floor in here. The midget must have torn it loose when he emerged from the ventilator system! When I saw it, I thought immediately of the tiny clothes I saw the midget wearing in the sideshow. When I went back there, I saw that a button was missing from his coat, so I knew I had hit on the answer to the theft! And as I carried him here, I could feel the plans inside the lining of his coat!"

The dejected midget was led away, as young Cooper and Captain Harvey left the factory.

"Well, Frank, you've done a good job. Are you going home now?"

Frank laughed. "I should say not, Chief. I'm going to the circus! I think I can see the sideshow again before their last performance for the night!"

—The End —



# SERGEANT STEELE

HIS BUDDIES  
TURNED AGAINST  
HIM, SOME SAID  
HE SOLD THEM  
OUT TO LINE HIS  
POCKETS WITH GOLD,  
BUT IN THE FACE  
OF ALL THIS,  
SERGEANT  
STEELE,  
OF THE HELL CAT  
PATROL, BATTLES  
SAVAGELY TO  
CLEAR HIS  
NAME FOR THE  
GLORY OF THE  
U. S.  
MARINES.



THE SIXTH ENGINEERS,  
SIR! WE'VE BEEN  
WORKING INLAND....  
SUDDEN MALARIA PLAGUE  
GOT ALL... I ESCAPED  
TO THE COAST!

SUDDEN MALARIA  
PLAGUE, IMPOSSIBLE!  
THAT AREA'S BEEN  
CLEARED A LONG  
TIME AGO... IT'S  
PERFECTLY HEALTHY!

BUT HIS  
STORY... IT  
DEMANDS AN  
INVESTIGATION.

YOUR LEAVE BEGINS  
NOW! ALL MEN ARE  
CAUTIONED AGAINST  
ENGAGING IN ANY  
BRAWLS.

PARTY DISMISSED!  
SERGEANT STEELE,  
REPORT TO THE  
COMMANDER!

ABOARD A U.S. DESTROYER  
IN THE TROPICAL CANAL ZONE...

BUT UNNOTICED, STRANGE EARS OVERHEAR THE CONVERSATION...

IT'S A PRETTY RISKY JOB, SERGEANT STEELE. IT MEANS EXPOSING YOURSELF TO THE INLAND HAZARDS, AS WELL AS MALARIA.

NICE OF YOU TO PICK ME FOR THE JOB. WHEN DO I SHOVE OFF?

EARLY TO-MORROW MORNING. I'D SUGGEST YOU ENJOY A SHORE LEAVE THE REST OF THE DAY. BY THE WAY, YOUR MISSION IS TO BE KEPT IN STRICT CONFIDENCE.

THAT I KNOW, SIR!

AND A SHORT WHILE LATER..... SERGEANT STEELE AND HIS BUDDY, CHUB, REST AT A SIDEWALK CAFE.

BOY THIS IS THE BERRIES, EH, SARGE?

YEAH, CHUB... NOTHING LIKE A LITTLE LEAVE! THAT RECRUIT, ROSS, IN BACK OF YOU WILL MAKE GOOD HELL CAT MATERIAL!

WHILE AT THE NEXT TABLE...

THAT IS THE SERGEANT, SENOR GROSS. THEY ARE SENDING HIM TO INVESTIGATE THE INLAND.

THEN HE MAY FIND THE MOSQUITO BEDS. I MUST STOP HIS MEDDLING! HOW? MMMMM! I HAVE IT!

I'LL TEACH YOU TO INSULT THE WIFE OF SENOR GROSS!

WHAT-TH... OOOOFF!

STEADY, SARGE... YOU HEARD THE ORDERS. NO FIGHTING!

BUT I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THE GUY HAD A WIFE!

IF THE SERGEANT WORRIES ABOUT THE OFFICIALS KNOWING OF THIS... I HAVE A PLAN!

TO-NIGHT AT THE CASINO... WE CAN SETTLE THIS WITH THE BIG GLOVES!

IF IT'S BOXING, YOU MEAN, YOU'RE ON, BROTHER I'LL LOP YOUR EARS OFF. AT THE CASINO TO-NIGHT, CHUM!

THAT EVENING, WORD OF THE FIGHT SPREADS AROUND AND SOON AN ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD JAMS THE CASINO.

BEING IN THE SAME OUTFIT WITH THE SARGE, I BET ALL I GOT.

VIPEEE, HERE'S WHERE THE MARINES WALK OFF WITH ALL THE DOUGH.





THE BELL CLANGS THE OPENING OF THE NEXT ROUND.



HERE IS SOMETHING FOR YOU, WISE GUY!

MY EYES, OOOOWW!



IN THE CLINCH, GROSS RUBS THE DOCTORED GLOVE INTO THE EYES OF THE LEATHERNECK...

MOMENTARILY BLINDED... STEELE SWINGS WILDLY.



TAKING ADVANTAGE OF HIS OWN DIRTY WORK, THE SENOR OPENS A BARRAGE OF BLOWS...



...UNTIL THE SERGEANT FALLS IN A CRUMPLED HEAP ON THE CANVAS.

ADIOS, SENDER AMERICAN!

9-10- AND THE MARINE IS OUT!



SOMETHING SMELLS FUNNY ABOUT THIS FIGHT!

LATER, IN STEELE'S DRESSING ROOM.



HONEST CAP. HE HAD SOMETHING ON HIS GLOVE THAT ALMOST BLINDED ME!

IT'S OKAY... STEELE, YOU WERE BEATEN FAIRLY, BE A GOOD SPORT ABOUT IT.

I'LL GET YOUR COAT, SARGE!

SOMETHING DROPPED OUT OF YOUR COAT, I'LL GET IT!



NO WONDER HE LOST... GET A LOAD OF THIS, CAPTAIN!



Here's your share of the purse for the olive.

TO THINK YOU SOLD OUT THESE LOYAL MEN WHO BET ON YOUR ABILITY, YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO THE HELL CAT'S. STEELE, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST.

I DIDN'T, HONEST, I DIDN'T! I WAS FRAMED... BELIEVE ME! I WAS.....





THE FOLLOWING DAY, FINDS STEEL IN THE CUSTODY OF HIS PAL, CHUB.



MIDDAY, IN THE ISLAND PLANTATION OF THE CRAFTY SENOR GROSS.











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DISTANT  
SIGHTS!



BEACHES



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